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# The Outlandish Knight

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# THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT

**AN** Outlandish Knight came from the North lands,  
And he came a wooing to me.  
**He** told me he'd take me unto the North lands  
And there he would marry me,

**Come** fetch me some of your father's gold,  
And some of your mother's fee.  
**And two of the best nags out of the stable**  
Where they stood thirty and three.

**She** fetched him some of her father's gold,  
And some of the mother's fee,  
**And two of the best nags out of the stable**  
Where they stood thirty and three.

**She** mounted on her milk white steed,  
He on the dapple grey,  
**They** rode till they came unto the sea side,  
Three hours before it was day.

**Light off, light off thy milk white steed,**  
And deliver it unto me,  
**For pretty maids have I drowned here,**  
And thou the seventh shall be.

**Pull off, pull off thy silken gown,**  
And deliver it unto me,  
**For methinks it looks too rich and too gay**  
To rot in the salt sea.

**Pull off, pull off thy silken stays,**  
And deliver them unto me,  
**For methinks they are too fine and gay**  
To rot in the salt sea.

**Pull off, pull off thy Hollana smock,**  
And deliver it unto me,  
**For methinks it looks too rich and gay,**  
To rot in the salt sea.

**If I must pull off my Holland smock**  
Pray turn back unto me,  
**For it is not fitting that such a ruffian,**  
A naked woman should see,

**He** turned his back towards her,  
And viewed the leaves so green,  
**For she** caught him round the middle so small  
And tumbled him into the stream

**He** dropped high and he dropped low,  
Until he came to the side,  
**Ouch hold of my hand my pretty Polly,**  
And I will make you my bride,

**Was** there, lie there, you false hearted man,  
Lie there instead of me,  
**For pretty maidens have you drowned here,**  
And the seventh has drowned thee,

**She** mounted on her milk white steed  
And led the dapple grey,  
**She** rode till she came to her own father's house  
Three hours before it was day.

**The** parrot being in the window so high  
And hearing the lady did say,  
**I'm** afraid that some ruffian has led you astray,  
That you have tarried so long away.

**Don't** prittle nor prattle my pretty parrot,  
Nor tell no tales of me;  
**Thy** cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
Although it is made of a tree.

**The** King being in the chamber so high,  
And hearing the parrot did say,  
**What** ails you, what ails you my pretty parrot,  
That you prattle so long before day.

**It** is no laughing matter the parrot did say,  
But so loudly I call unto thee.  
**For** the cats have got into the window so high,  
And I am afraid they will have me.

**Well** turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,  
Well turned, well turned for me,  
**Thy** cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
And the door of the best ivory.



## THE WANDERING BOY

Written by Henry Kirk White, and sung by Master Freyer, at  
the London Concert.

**When** the winter winds whistle along the wild moor,  
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door,  
**When** the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye  
How hard is the fate of the wandering boy.

**The** winter is cold, I have no place of rest,  
And my heart is as cold as it blows in my face;  
**No** father, no mother, no kindred have I,  
For I am a parentless wandering boy.

**Yet** I had a home, and I once had a sire,  
A mother who granted each infant desire  
**Our** cottage it stood in a wood embower'd vale,  
**When** the ring dove would warble its sorrowful tale.  
**But** my father and mother were summon'd away,  
And they left me to hard hearted strangers a prey;  
**I** fled from their rigour with many a sigh,  
And now I am left a poor wandering boy.

**The** wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,  
And no one will list to my innocent tale;  
**I'll** go to the grave where my parents both lie,  
And death shall befriend the poor wandering boy.